

Tuesday 5.20 P.M.

Dear Mamma and Ellen:

There are only ten minutes till dinner and I think it is all right to use these writing to you. I have just hung up the curtains and they are awfully nice. It was worth while making them over and I thank you so much, darling Mamma, for keeping me with them as well as for allowing me to have the mess around. I pressed them and at the same time ironed all the clothes I washed this morning - well - no clothes except a silk braisere, but a lot of handkerchiefs - all I have that were not clean. Every garment I own is clean: I did a lot of washing today - too tired to use my brain on anything, any way.

Mamma came in while I was ironing the curtains and we had a lovely visit. She is such a dear.

She spent most of the vacation in New York.

Ellen, was I to give Brownie the <sup>pen</sup> nib from myself? And is Mamma going to send the letters? Please answer, for I have not given

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The bit. The windows are not here. Too bad I didn't  
bring them.

I gave the flower to Margaret from you mamma,  
and she was awfully pleased - really very much.

I had Margaret clean the windows today, but she  
couldn't get them very clean. The dirt shows so when  
there is no white curtain in front of them. She  
would not take anything for it because the job wasn't  
good enough. They are terrible windows to do. But  
any way, my curtains look lovely on them.

After dinner. Tomorrow I am going to Susan  
Davi's to see if I can get some rayon to make  
mamma's nightgown and then I will cut it  
so that if I have any time I can go ahead and  
make it. I will put a jacket on this night-  
gown and return it shortly to you and when  
I send it, I will send a bag for mamma's  
coat, which I washed today to send.

Everybody asks after you, Lady - all my friends  
and the maids and the students.

Dr. Lent must be quite a little better.

for I heard that he was out for a ride today or yesterday. I have not seen him or Mrs. Lent.

Clara is coming soon to see Ida & Ida is waiting till then to tell her about the Goucher job. Nobody rushes for these things but us, it seems. I would not let time go like that if I were in her place. But really Clara - for all her brave talk - I do not think wants to go. However, she can't quite say that to Ida, for she has always let on to Ida that she thought it such a poor place to be. I don't know just when she is coming - for the week-end, I suppose. Shall I invite them here for Sunday night supper? I don't know whether to or not - may be they'd rather go somewhere else - or stay at home.

Mrs. Laydon is pretty well. I told Ida you wanted to know, Lady.

Well, I must work - college work tonight - wish I could work on my writing, but I just

haven't even ever read one or two of the essays I've already assigned to the sophomores.

How is Will? I do feel so sorry about his being sick.

Could you send this to Evelina? I'm trying to avoid the temptation of spending my evening writing letters. I love you all so much.

I told you, didn't I, that I wrote to Aunty while I was waiting in Asletabula?

O, Lady, I do get such joy out of knowing you are so much better than when I saw you a month ago. You are so much better - seen so all the time - and it makes me happy about you.

With lots of love to you all -  
Mary

Patai enclosed for me